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## Poetry.

### The Land of Dreams.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

A mighty realm is the Land of Dreams,
With steeps that hang in the twilight sky,
And weltering oceans and trailing streams,
That gleam where the dusky valleys lie.

But over its shadowy border flow
Sweet rays from the world of endless morn,
And the nearer fountains catch the glow,
And the flowers in the nearer fields are born.

The souls of the happy dead repair,
From their bowers of light, to that bordering land,
And walk in the fainter glory there,
With the souls of the living hand in hand,

One calm, sweet smile, in that shadowy sphere,
From the eyes that open on earth no more—
One warning word from a voice once dear,—
How they rise in the memory o'er and o'er!

Far off from those hills that shine by day,
The fields that bloom in the heavenly gales,
The Land of Dreams goes stretching away
To dimmer mountains and darker vales.

There lie the chambers of guilty delight,
There walk the spectres of guilty fear,
And soft low voices, that float through the night,
Are whispering sin in the helpless ear.

Dear maid, in thy childhood's opening flower,
Scarce weaned from the love of childish play!
The tears on whose cheeks are but the shower
That freshens the early bloom of May!

Thine eyes are closed, and over thy brow
Pass thoughtful shadows and joyous gleams,
And I know, by thy moving lips, that now
Thy spirit strays in the Land of Dreams.

Light-hearted maiden, O, heed thy feet!
O keep where that beam of Paradise falls,
And only wander where thou may'st meet
The blessed ones from its shining walls.

So shalt thou come from the Land of Dreams,
With love and peace to this world of strife;
And the light that over that border streams
Shall lie on the path of thy daily life.

## Select Tale.

From Graham's Magazine.

### THE EBONY CASKET.

#### A LEGEND OF HUTCHINSON-HOUSE.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER,
*Author of "This, that, and the other."*

[CONCLUDED.]

He raised his eyes to Heaven as if imploring a benediction, then bending over me he placed the ring on the fourth finger of my left hand. "My wedding-finger?" I said, in an accent of inquiry.

"Yes, Ida, bride of my spirit, with this ring I thee wed!" Then drawing me close to his heart, for the first time that night, he covered cheek, lip and brow with his passionate kisses. He drew the pins from my hair, and let it float over my shoulders in heavy, rippling waves. Then he took a clasp-knife from his pocket, and severing one long tress he wound it round his finger, and fastening it with one of the gold pins he had so often seen me wear, placed it in his bosom. "See there, Isa, the moon has gone down long ago, and those are the rosy morning clouds in the east; I have kept you here all night, but it is the last time. Come out to the door; no, you shall not, you are not able, I will say good-bye here, I must."

Again and again he strained me wildly to his heart and half-smothered me with his kisses, then putting me down he rushed from the room, sprang upon his horse, and soon I could hear the steps as of a noble steed urged to its quickest speed. At last I wept—it seemed as if every footstep was pressed upon my heart.

I need not dwell on those long months of agony which followed that fearful night. I would see no one save Barbara, except that sometimes kind Dr. Hamilton would force his way to my room, and vainly try to persuade me to go to his more cheerful home. I staid constantly in the drawing-room, it was the spot where I had seen him last, and beside, there hung my mother's picture with its kind eyes. Three days before Reginald's twenty-first birthday I heard of his father's death; he had fallen from his horse, in leaping a dangerous ravine, and died from internal injury. At the appointed time I received, through my guardian, the promised deed of Hutchinson-house. It was signed by Reginald Percy. Oh, how the very sight of these bold, free characters made my untamed heart beat and throb.

At eighteen I was beautiful as ever, but it was the beauty of mature womanhood. Those two years of suffering had obliterated every trace of girlishness. I went somewhat into society, chaperoned by the gentle wife of my kind guardian. He He seemed so devoted to my interests, so sincerely anxious for my happiness, that I was willing to give him the satisfaction of fancying that he promoted it. He had never known of my engagement to Reginald Percy, and knowing that he was my cousin, he often mentioned him. One cold winter morning, just after my nineteenth birthday, he and Mrs. Hamilton were my guests at breakfast. The Doctor looked over the morning paper and hand it carelessly to me. My eye chanced to glance down the column headed "Fashionable Intelligence," and this paragraph met my eye: "There is, we believe, a better foundation than rumors generally can boast, for the report we mentioned yesterday of the engagement of Sir Reginald Percy of Percy Hall, to the belle of the past year, the beautiful Miss Illsley."

By long practice I had acquired great self-control, but it required a strong effort to speak in my usual tone. I put down the paper, and remarked very calmly—"So Grisi sings to-night?"

"Yes, and you will go at last, I hope," and Mrs. Hamilton glanced inquiringly up from her toast and coffee.

"Yes, Isa," added the Doctor, "you surely ought, for your cousin Reginald will be there of course with his new *fiancee*. We have the use of a certain nobleman's private box just now, and as it happens to command a good view of General Illsley's, you can see and not be seen if that's any inducement for you."

"Thank you," I said, with a forced smile, "I believe that even I, hermit as you call me, have a spice of such a womanly weakness as curiosity, so I will prove it by accepting your invitation."

That afternoon, when Barbara had fastened my dress, I sent her down-stairs. I wished to look well for the sake of my guardian, and I resolved to wear some of my mother's jewels. I had unlocked the ebony casket and was looking over the ornaments, when my eye chanced to fall on the paper containing the notice of Reginald's engagement—my hands trembled and the casket fell to the floor. The jewels rolled out upon the carpet, and as I raised the casket, I perceived that the jar had loosened a secret spring, which I should have noticed long before had I examined it as carefully as my father evidently expected. It revealed a false bottom, beneath which there were some folded papers. The first I opened was a certificate of marriage between Grenville Hutchinson and Inez Gaspare. I sank upon my knees, and my cheeks were bathed in the first happy tears I had shed since the fearful day on which my father died. "Thank God, thank God!" was the burden of my cry—"Thank God that she was innocent, my sweet, beautiful mother!"

An hour had passed before I could command myself sufficiently to examine the remaining papers. The first I read was a long letter from my mother. The hand was peculiarly light and graceful, she had evidently been educated with great care. It seemed that my father had doubted her truth, and relentlessly cast her from him. She had full proofs of the falsity of his suspicions, but she was too proud, in her injured innocence, to adduce them. She wrote the letter from time to time, during a lingering illness, to be sent to him after her death, with her child two years old. It was very sweet and touching. She spoke as gently as possible of the story of her wrongs, and then she said—"I have told you all this, my husband, that when I am dead you may stand over my grave with a loving heart; that you may say to yourself—'She was my own true wife,' and that looking in the deep eyes of our baby you may take her trustingly to your heart, and love her for the sake of your poor Inez." There was no word of reproach in it. She quite acquitted him of blame, and loved him to the last. Perhaps this was the very reason he blamed himself with such unsparing rigor.

The remaining paper was a letter to me from that beloved father. It was evidently written but a few days before he confided the casket to my charge. The characters were so hurried as to be almost illegible, and it was blotted here and there with tears. He told me that my mother was the daughter of a noble family; that he had seen her in her fresh beauty and girlish innocence, and learned to love her as few ever love. His passion was returned with all the warmth of her Southern temperament. They were married secretly, but lawfully, and not a single cloud obscured the first two years of their wedded life. When I was a year old, however, he was led by the ingenious contrivances of an arch-fiend to doubt her truth. He left her, without even seeking an explanation, which he saw no possibility of her being able to give. He loved her too fondly even then to take her child from her. He pictured in a few vivid sentences the agony of that last time he looked upon her living face. He came home and stole into her room for a farewell look. She lay there sleeping, with her child's head upon her breast. For one moment he was tempted to believe her innocent, but the proofs of her guilt seemed too positive. He bent over her and pressed his lips madly, passionately upon her brow. She turned over with a sweet smile, and whispered his name, without waking. "Hypocrite, even in sleep," he muttered, and sitting down at her table, wrote her a note full of the most scathing and terrible reproaches, and ended it with an impassioned farewell forever. For a year he believed he had done right, but he saw not a single hour of rest. Her sweet, silvery voice would startle him even from his dreams. At last he resolved to look once more upon her face. His soul cried out, hungry for her presence, and would not be satisfied. The next day he resolved to set out. That evening there reached him a trusty messenger, who gave him her marriage certificate, her letter and their child. Too late! too late! Henceforth there was for him no hope of earthly pardon. The true heart had loved too vainly, too faithfully, and so it broke. There was to him no heritage but a memory and a grave. This then, was the wrong which had clouded his life with remorse, of which he had spoken to me so shudderingly. Thank heaven it was no worse. He had secreted these papers in the casket, because, except the certificate of marriage, he was unwilling they should meet any eye but my own. It had never occurred to him that after all I might fail to find them. His letter concluded with an earnest prayer that I would judge him as gently as I might, that thinking on his sufferings I would pity and forgive. Then there was a postscript, telling me that the picture of the Italian singing-girl was the portrait of my own sweet mother, as he first saw her, at a fancy ball.

"Too late!" was my first thought as I laid down the letters. "Had Reginald Percy but known this three years ago, I might have been his wife. Too late, too late!" Then I asked myself—"Ought I to let him know it now?" I resolved to let that evening's testimony in regard to his position be my guide, and smoothing down the folds of my velvet robe, I fastened a *bandeau* of pearls in my jetty braids, and went down-stairs.

Already Dr. Hamilton was waiting in the drawing-room. He smiled when I entered and exclaimed, with a cordial shake of the hand—

"Well, now, this is something like it, little woman. You look five years younger than you did this morning, and there's such a light in your eyes as I haven't seen there this many a day."

I do not know what the opera was that night, I took no note of the performers. I sat in a retired corner of the box secure from observation, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton being fortunately sufficiently occupied with the spectacle to let me have my own way. I could see every expression of face, every movement in General Illsley's box distinctly. I recognized Marion at once. She was tall now and very elegant, but her expression was the same. Her features were absolutely perfect. Her golden hair fell in long ringlets about her dazzling white neck and shoulders. Her dress was of deep azure satin, with frills of pointlace, and was singularly becoming to her peculiar style. An opera-cloak of violet-colored velvet, lined with ermine, fell carelessly back, revealing the graceful waist, the elegant bust, and the rounded arms, with their pearl bracelets. She was more beautiful even than I had ever imagined. Beside her was Reginald, so like, and yet so different. There was the same tint of pure gold on his curling hair, the same cloudless azure to his deep eye, and a corresponding grace of figure; and here the resemblance ceased. Both faces were expressive in their way. Marion's betokened a fearless self-complacency, a full sovereignty of pride, and an admirable power of self-command and concealment. With her face, a person in an humbler sphere would have been pronounced passionate, self-willed and deceitful. But such words were not admissible in the charmed circle where moved the accomplished Miss Illsley, and certainly none but a true physiognomist could have detected these elements in a character veiled by so sweet a smile. Reginald's expression was just what I remembered it, bold, fearless, *true*. He looked like one far above even the imputation of dishonor. He had grown more manly in the three years since our last meeting. There was a look of forced composure about the mouth, as of one who had suffered deeply. The forehead had two heavy lines across it, and his whole air seemed that of one who had grown weary of the world. Marion Illsley evidently loved him. True, her calm cheek wore no deeper crimson when he addressed her, but her smile brightened, and once I saw her bosom throb tumultuously as he bent over and spoke to her in a whisper.

If I had hated Marion Illsley less, I should have been less afraid of treating her unjustly. As it was, I formed my resolution, with a stern sense of justice, at once stoical and conscientious. She loved him, I thought, and heaven forbid that I, her enemy, should dash the cup of happiness from her lips. He would be mine in heaven. She should have him on earth. He should never see the marriage certificate which had made my mother's memory a sacred thing! I resolved, and my soul was at peace. He did not *love* her. I, whom he had loved, could see that very clearly. He did not look into her eyes, as in other days he had looked into mine—not once did his face kindle with the beaming smile, my lightest word had had power to summon. Yet, it was evident, he thought her very fair to look upon—he would take pride in her loveliness. I renounced him forever in this world; and there came to my soul a sweet calmness, a looking unto heaven, which was worth the sacrifice. After that evening I saw them no more, but in six months I heard of their marriage. I received the news very calmly, and that night, with a lighter struggle than I had fancied it would cost, I bent my knee in prayer, for Reginald Percy and—his wife!

On my twenty-first birth-day I sat alone in the drawing-room at Hutchinson-house. I wore the dress of simple black silk, which was now my habitual costume, and smiled, as I looked in the glass, at the very quiet exterior "the old maid" had learned to wear. My face was that of one who lived within herself; whose hopes and wishes were not of this world. For a time I watched the light and shade steal through the latticed window and fall upon my mother's picture. How much younger, how much fairer she looked, than the child who gazed upon her. The bright lips seemed parted, as if just about to speak, and you could seem to see the young-light on her brow, the joy-light in her eye. "Such and so beautiful will she smile on me in heaven," I murmured, as I gazed. Then I drew from my bosom another face. I always wore the locket Reginald had hung about my neck, but it was a year since I had suffered myself to look upon his features. I opened it now. My heart was very calm. No rebellious longings disturbed it; no tide of passion agitated its tranquil waters. I looked upon his pictured face, with its happy, beaming smile, but as the semblance of one whom I should see in heaven. At that moment I heard a step in the hall. It quickened my pulses, as I had not thought sound of earth ever could. The door opened, and Reginald Percy was on his knees beside me. He drew me to his bosom, and kissed me as in other days. But I sprang from his arms.

"Reginald," I said, "cousin Reginald, is this right? You forget what is due to me, and still more, what is due to another."

"Isa," he answered, with reproachful sadness, "could I do this? Have I not always respected you as fully as I have loved you? You told me I might seek you here, when trouble came upon me, and you would share it. I have come to claim your promise. I have no wife!"

"Is Marion dead?" I asked, turning pale and shuddering.

"Worse than that, Isa. Death would have been a mercy. I am a divorced man.'

"Is that right, Reginald?"

"For one cause, yes! And I had such fearful, disgraceful cause, as I pray heaven may never come to your pure ears. Isa, I have no right to ask you to marry a divorced man, but oh, if you would but be the mother to Marion's unhappy child, my poor little orphan Bell. I am but punished as I deserve. I should have seen that love such as ours absolved me from my vow; that I had no right to immolate your happiness and my own. I did not love Marion Illsley, and I should never have married her. Perhaps, had her husband loved her more, she never would have fallen. Oh, may heaven forgive me, for my sins have been terrible!"

"And would you wed me now in spite of all?" I asked, smiling through my tears.

"Would I? my beautiful! I would give life itself to call you mine. Oh, Isa, you ought to hate me. Can you love me?"

My only answer was the word—'Wait.'

I went hurriedly up-stairs, and returning, placed in his hand my mother's marriage certificate and my father's letter. He grew pale as death while he read them, and laying them down, he ejaculated—

"Good heavens, Isa, when did these come to your knowledge?"

"It will be six years ago, in three weeks!"

"And you never told me! Oh, Isa, can I forgive you? You might have saved me then! It was before my engagement to poor Marion."

"No, Reginald, I had seen a notice of your engagement in the morning paper, before I found them, and that is why I did not tell you."

"That notice, Isa, was a base fabrication, put in, as I learned afterwards, by the lady's friends. Marion seemed very much hurt about it, and this was one of the greatest reasons I married her. I feared her reputation might suffer, and I do believe she loved me then, as well as such a woman can love. Alas, Isa, now your birth is established and you are legal mistress of the Hutchinson estate, I cannot, I dare not, ask you to shadow your bright path with the gloom, wherein my feet must walk. I must give you up. And yet God knows it is bitter. I had built such hopes on this last meeting."

"And why not?" I felt the old sunshine stealing back to my face, as I asked the question.

He looked at me wildly.

"Isa," he said, "Isa, you would not trifle with me, it is not in your nature. Such as I am, will you trust me? Will you be my wife?"

"Yes!"

"And Bell's mother?"

"Yes!"

Oh, I cannot write about that hour. It was too pure—too bright. I was his own at last. He caught me passionately to his bosom. He murmured blessings over me—he rained kisses upon my brow—he called me a thousand times his wife, his angel, his own through all.

The next day we were married. Reginald was an impatient lover. Our wedding was a very quiet one. Good, kind Dr. Hamilton gave me away, and the clergyman's blue-eyed daughters were my bridesmaids. Three months afterward I was in Paris with my husband. He was sent for to a miserable attic, and the crumbled note which summoned him was signed "Marion." I accompanied him, and standing over that dying bed, I learned the beautiful meaning of that petition in the Lord's Prayer—"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us."

The roses of Provence are blooming now upon the grave of the outcast penitent. Her death-sleep is calm and tranquil. Two lovely, dark-eyed children cling to my knees and call me "Mother," and with them comes over my older darling, poor Marion Illsley's child, lifting to my face in a sweet confidence the untroubled azure of her cloudless eyes. My husband, my Reginald, is drawing away my paper, and pulling my pen from my fingers. The sun is going down, trailing after him the lengthening robe of his glory, and I must go out upon the terrace to watch the young moon rise.

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"Ned, who is that girl I saw you walking with?"

"Mis Hogg."

"Hogg, Hogg—well she's to be pitied for having such a name."

"So I think," rejoined Ned. "I pitied her so much that I offered her mine, and she is going to take it presently."

### Too Smart for a Mechanic.

How often do we hear the exclamation made in reference to a youthful prodigy, by a fond parent, when speaking of an idolized son—"Too smart for a Mechanic"—and so straightway a profession is hit upon for the wonderful lad, who is too smart for a trade.

In the course of our life, and you know we are an "Old Man," we have observed numbers of these great youths, whom their fathers have made Preachers, Lawyers, Doctors, etc., and have very frequently seen them prove complete failures; not at all competent to shine in any profession, but forced to dwindle out their days in shoving jack plane, as rough carpenters, or digging post holes, as common day laborers; their families, if they have any, suffering for the very necessaries of life; and all this because they were too smart to learn regular trades, at which a competency might be made.

If there is anything that has ever been a curse to this country, it is these men thrown upon the community without means of subsistence to support themselves, and no trade to go to, when their parents who have hitherto supported them, drop off, leaving them as a legacy, the miserable retrospection of the past, without one dollar for the coming future.

We have known men who have went to school nearly all their lives, in consequence of the opinion entertained by their parents, that they were to become prodigies in some one of the professions, who have acquired superior educations, by dint of hard knocks and intense study, who have almost starved for a day's victuals, because they knew nothing of the world, had never come in contact with it, had never went through an apprenticeship, had never graduated, amid its hardships and privations. They had always been taught to look upon themselves, as a little lower than the angels, and that it would never require scarce an effort on their part to get through the world with honor and credit.

It is this growing evil of rearing children for gentleman and ladies, in the incorrect meaning of these much abused words which will tend more to the ruin of our country than anything else.

To those who would rear their children prosperous and happy when they are tottering to the tomb, we would say, give them trades; let them learn some one of the useful and honorable avocations of life; and if they have intellect for other callings, for the professions, depend upon it, they will soon find it out themselves, and the fact of their having a trade, will never retard their progress toward distinction and eminence, but only tend to make their fame more lasting, and their virtues shine out more apparent.

Again, we say, give your children trades with an education, classical, if you like, if they are capable of becoming good workmen, as mechanics, they stand far better chance of succeeding in any of the learned professions.

The brightest intellects our country ever knew, arose to their distinction from the workshop of the mechanic, and they were not ashamed to say they were once mechanics themselves, but gloried in the appellation.—*Cincinnati Home Journal.*

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Official information has been received at Washington, that the state of siege in Cuba its islets and adjucent bays, as well as the blockade of all the coast, has been raised. This siege has existed upwards of three months, having been proclaimed on the 12th of February.

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John Carroll has been removed from the post office at Somerset, Perry County, Ohio, and Charles Elder, a Roman Catholic, has been appointed in his place. Carroll is a Pennsylvania Democrat, but was suspected of being a Know Nothing. The Catholic Postmaster General at Washington provides for his brethren.

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A LUDICROUS MISTAKE.—A short-sighted deacon recently, in giving out a hymn to be sung, when he came to the lines.

"The eastern sages shall come in
With messages of grace."

put the audience in a roar of laughter by reading out in a loud voice:

"The eastern stages shall come in
With sausages and cheese!"

### DON'T DEPEND ON FATHER.

Stand up here, young man, and let us talk to you—you have trusted alone to the contents of "father's purse" or to his fair fame for your influence or success in business. Think you that "father" has attained to eminence in his profession but by unwearied industry? or that he has amassed a fortune honestly, without energy or activity? You should know that the faculty requisite for the acquiring of fame and fortune, is essential to; nay inseperable from the retaining of either of these? Suppose that "father" has the "rocks" in abundance; if you never earned anything for him, you have no more business with those "rocks" than a gosling with a tortoise, and if he allows you to meddle with them till you have earned their value by your own industry, he perpetrates untold mischief. And if the old gentleman is lavish of his cash towards you, while he allows you to idle away your time, you'd better leave him, yes run away, sooner than be made an imbecile or a scoundrel through so corrupting an influence. Sooner or later you must learn to rely on your own resources, or you will not be anybody. If you had never helped yourself at all, if you have become idle, if you have eaten father's bread and butter, and smoked father's cigars, and cut a swell in father's buggy, and tried to put on father's influence and reputation, you might rather have been a poor canal boy, the son of a chimney sweep, or a boot black—and indeed we would not swap with you the situation of a poor, helf-starved motherless calf! Miserable objects you are, to depend upon your parents, playing gentleman, (alias dandy loafer:) What in the name of common sense are you thinking of. Wake up there! Go to work with either your hands or brains or both, and be something! Don't merely have it to boast of that you have grown in "father's" house—that you have vegetated as other greenhorns! but let folks know that you count one.

Come, off with your coat, clinch the saw, the plow-handle, the scythe, the axe, the pick-axe, the spade—anything that will enable you to stir your blood! Fly round and tear your jacket rather than be the passive receipient of the old gentleman's bounty! Sooner than play the dandy at dad's expense hire yourself out to some potatoe patch, let yourself to stop hog-holes, or watch the bars; and when you think yourself entitled to a resting spell do it on your own hook.—If you have no other means of having fun of your own, buy with your earnings, an empty barrel, and put your head into it and holler, or get into it and roll down hill; don't for pity's sake make the old gentlemen furnish everything, and you live at your ease:

Look about you, you well-dressed smooth faced, do-nothing drones? Who are they that have wealth and influence in society? are they those that have depended alone on the oldgent leman's purse? or are they those that have climbed their way to their position by their own industry and energy? True, the old gentleman's funds, or personal influence, may secure you the forms of respect, but let him lose his property, or die, and what are you? A miserable fledgling—a bunch of flesh and bones that needs to be taken care of.

Again we say, wake up—get up in the morning—turn round, at least twice before breakfast—help the old man—give him now and then a generous lift in business—learn how, take the lead and don't depend forever on being led, and you have no idea how the discipline will benefit you. Do this, and our word for it, you will seem to breathe a new atmosphere, possess a new frame, tread a new earth, wake to a new destiny, and you may then begin to aspire to manhood. Take off, then, that ring from your lilly finger, break your cane, shave your upper lip, wipe your nose, hold up your head, and by all means, never again eat the bread of idleness, nor depend on your father

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'Father,' said a boy to his paternal protector, a venerable Quaker, 'I can lick that chimney-sweep.'

'That may be all very true, my son; but if thee does, thee will get thy hands blacked in the operation,' was the wise counsel of the peaceful friend. A counsel which every sagacious editor sees frequent occasion to follow.